

THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 22.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Meetings of Different Divisions of the Order—Necessity for Earlier Hours of Meeting and Adjournment—Something Needing Immediate Attention.

Small Displays of Society Strength Very Poor Policy, and Should be Avoided—Delays of the Ancient Order in New York and Canada.

Since the adjournment of the State convention, Brother McDonnell, County President of Champaign county, has been working earnestly for second place in numerical standing in this state. His good work results in the addition of a new division to his county roster in the town of Pentfield. Brother McDonnell deserves the honorable position he holds, because of his energy and enterprise.

Div. 28 was organized on Wednesday, the 20th inst., by State President Keating, assisted by Brothers Lamb, Bradshaw, M. E. Lynch, Cullinan and Stanton. The following officers were elected: John Flanagan, President; James Tracy, Vice-President; W. H. Morgan, Recording Secretary; E. A. Creighton, Financial Secretary; Wm. Ryan, Treasurer; H. Mead, Sergeant-at-Arms; Wm. Sheridan, Sentinel; D. Broderick, Marshal. Short addresses were made by County Secretary J. J. Lamb and President P. F. Holden, of Div. 35. The division promises well, being organized in a locality where many excellent Irish-Americans of strong national sympathies reside. To the energy of Brothers Bradshaw, Lamb and Cullinan is due the honor of Cook being the first county to organize a division since the State convention. The officers are bright, intelligent young men, whose known interest in all matters concerning the progress of our people, guarantees excellent administration of the affairs of the division.

Div. 29 held a reunion on Saturday, May 24, at the Hotel Kensington. The entertainment was most excellent, and the amusement much enjoyed. Brother Foley, of Div. 2, South Chicago, delivered a happy address on the merits of the order and his estimate of the possibilities within the scope of the field of its labors. Brother Foley is every day more firmly establishing for himself a reputation as a fearless and tireless advocate of the principles of the Ancient Order. Some very interesting music on the violin, including an arrangement of Irish airs, was well rendered by Brother O'Reilly. Div. 29 has among its members some excellent vocalists, who gave splendid evidence of their talent, and to whom were added by Brother P. F. Holden. Brothers Holden and J. T. Keating spoke on the needs of the Order and the demand for practical demonstration of Catholicity and propagation of sympathy with the cause of Irish nationality. The gathering separated at a late hour, everyone satisfied with the hospitality of Div. 29. I was pleased to notice among those present Brothers Charles Corkery, J. Tuley, J. McGuire, J. Byrne, J. Keyes and many other veterans in good work. There is a great necessity for more reunions, but there is also a necessity for opening and closing proceedings at an earlier hour than at present prevails. If members expect a late session they will not come from a distance to risk belated journeys in night-owl cars. Health, convenience and pleasure demand more consideration on the part of the committees in charge of such events. If amendment is not enforced, "smoke talks" and "reunions" will be failures, and result in waste of time and effort. None should commence later than 8:15 p.m., nor adjourn later than 10:15 p.m. Two hours of pleasure will not be spoiled by the fear of missing the late cable car or attracting attention to the late (or early) hours kept by Hibernians. This matter is a serious one and requires early and careful consideration.

The committee on picnic met on Thursday, May 21, at 81 Clark street, and made some progress towards making a success of the event. Tickets were ordered printed and sub-committees appointed on railroad arrangements, music and printing. Much surprise was expressed at the smallness of the number present, scarcely half the divisions being represented. It is certainly a matter of some surprise, as the county secretary had issued several special notices which were certainly duly delivered. Do the members desire to have the picnic a failure, or is it the wish of some to be free to criticize proceedings, which they should have participated in, when the report is submitted to the County Board? I am at a loss to understand the position the absentees assume when they will absent themselves from committees and then feel inspired to antagonize all that is agreed on by the few who are faithful to instructions to do their best to accomplish the task allotted to them by their superior officers. It was agreed to supply all divisions with some tickets for sale at the earliest opportunity, and it is desirable that all members should give their

help towards making the picnic a social and financial success.

On Sunday, May 24, there was an attempt on the part of four South Side divisions to take part in the reception of his Grace Archbishop Feenah, on the occasion of his visit to St. Joachim's parish for the purpose of dedicating the new church and administering the sacrament of confirmation. I have frequently called the attention of the members to the uselessness of small parades, but words fail to express my surprise caused by the appearance of the handful which turned out to Father Hennessy's demonstration. Four divisions did not send one hundred men altogether. Remonstrance is useless. If there is no more pride of membership among our people, let us cease to parade. The Foresters and other societies made a good showing, and the handsome banners of St. Thomas, St. Nicholas and St. Lawrence were much admired. The Kensington division did its best, but the members from Nos. 9, 10 and 31 were too few in number to be noted, as separate divisions in attendance in response to the invitation of the reverend pastor. Why accept an invitation if you don't intend to go?

The following interesting extracts are from the Hibernian notes, so well edited in our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo:

At the Boys' Home bazaar, among the many friendly contests was a "battle of ballots" between the societies of the city for the use of the steamer Columbia on any day they might select for the coming summer. A number of societies entered, but at the finish there were only two "in it," the German Catholic Young Men's society, of St. Mary's parish, and Div. 12, A. O. H. It was a close and hard fought contest; but our streak of luck held and we won the boat by sixteen votes. Much credit is due to Treasurer Samuel Lynch for his earnest work on our behalf, and we are informed that the success of No. 12's attempt is in a great measure due to his zeal and energy.

Div. 1 held its sixth anniversary on May 18, in St. Patrick's hall, by giving a magnificent entertainment to over 500 members and visiting friends in honor of Ald. John Walsh, of the First ward, one of the charter members of the A. O. H. of Erie county. President John Kelly opened the entertainment by an address of welcome. Mr. Walsh was introduced amidst great applause and made an eloquent address, praising the division for the splendid work it had performed and encouraging the members to continue the good work. Addresses were made by Fathers Scanlon, Michael and ex-State Treasurer John J. Kelly. The entertainment was most excellent, and the amusement much enjoyed.

The Hibernians in Canada are able to appreciate the services of good officers as the following extract from the Toronto "Catholic Register" will evidence. In relation to the same I may add that a more deserving and hard working Hibernian does not live than Brother Hugh McCaffrey:

A meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was held in North Toronto, Friday night, May 8, for the transaction of general business for the welfare of the Order. Apart from the usual routine of business in the early stages of the meeting a very pleasing feature took place, being a presentation of a handsome secretary to Brother Hugh McCaffrey, Provincial President. County President Brother William Moore invited the Provincial President to the platform and Brother Joseph Rutledge read the address.

The Provincial President thanked the members in very kind words for the beautiful secretary with which he had been presented and for the kind spirit of the address by which it had been accompanied, and promised that in the future he would be as faithful as he was in the past. On resuming his seat he received an ovation.

The first Sunday in June will be known as decoration day by the A. O. H. The members will proceed on that afternoon in a body from Hibernian hall, Yonge street, to St. Michael's cemetery and decorate the graves of their deceased brothers.

The Provincial convention will open in the city of Hamilton on May 21. Toronto intends having a very large representation here.

Canada is also making preparations to send large delegations to Detroit. The hospitality of our Canadian comrades will be remembered by many who had the good fortune to enjoy the same when conventions of other societies were held in the Dominion.

The Catholic Sun, of Syracuse, so ably edited by the brilliant mayor of the city, Hon. James K. McGuire, in a late issue publishes cuts and sketches of the lives of the newly elected State officers of New York. I have no objection in saying few states can boast as fine an aggregation of intelligent and good looking as distinguished men and chief officials of our brotherhood as Empire state. It has been the honor of good fortune to meet and consequently to esteem President Killen. A better man never presided over any body of American citizens, and a better Irishman never advised or led his compatriots to labor for the old cause. I can congratulate our brothers in New York on the excellence of their judgment. En.

The Gaelic League. The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 113, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League has no religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to the secretary, Francis Nolan, O'Mahony, 354 East Chicago avenue.

QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Who Should Be Chosen for President By the People of the United States?—Principles and Not Men Should Be Considered, Says the Hon. A. L. Morrison.

He Reviews the Past and Present Economic Conditions of the Great Republic, and Upholds the Doctrine of Protection.

A Reply From Some Able Democrat in Order.

Our personal respect for the ability and patriotism of the Hon. A. L. Morrison leads us to publish the subjoined letter from him on the political questions of the day. He writes from the Republican standpoint. THE CITIZEN is independent in politics, and its columns are open to any rejoinder that its Democratic readers may see fit to make. Communications must, however, be kept within reasonable limits as to space, and no language of a personal character will be tolerated.

MR. MORRISON'S LETTER.

(To the Editor.)
The crowning fact of the history of the United States is the fact of freedom, is the freedom of the people.

SANTA FE, N. M., May 21, 1896.—The greatest right guaranteed to us by the Constitution is that of electing our own rulers. It is this inestimable right which distinguishes the people of the United States from the subjects of monarchical governments. For that proud privilege the people of Ireland have waged a war of centuries with the English enemy and that war will be renewed again and again until victory finally crowns our efforts. In America we enjoy that right in its fullest fruition, but I fear some of us do not fully appreciate its value. Every right we possess is accompanied with corresponding responsibilities, and he who is not willing to assume the latter is not worthy to enjoy the former. That we may intelligently perform our duty to

educate ourselves as to be able to cast our votes intelligently on every subject which calls for our decision. If we fail to do this we are at the mercy of every glib-tongued demagogue who appeals to our passions or prejudices during the hurry of a heated campaign. Our great quadrennial election for the choice of one of ourselves to direct in part the destiny of the republic for four years is fast approaching, and the interim intervening between today and the 3rd of November next should be (as far as in us lies) a period of education. While not desiring to assume the position of a teacher, I ask the privilege of laying a few facts before your readers and drawing conclusions therefrom.

I believe it is a foregone conclusion that ex-Gov. McKinley will be the Republican nominee for the presidency. Who the Democrats will nominate we cannot predict. I assume however he will be a gentleman of honor and ability. This is fully conceded. But the political principles of the candidates is a matter of far greater importance to us than I desire to refer. Notwithstanding the efforts which are being made to force the financial question to the front I firmly believe that the question of transcendent importance to the working people of our republic is full and adequate protection of their products against the cheaper products of foreign lands. The early Democratic leaders, Madison, Jefferson and their contemporaries, I might say, the original Protectionists, but the Federalists, with few exceptions, were also earnest advocates of what soon became known as the American doctrine. In the course of time the Democratic party, yielding to the plausible arguments of the English school of political economy, abandoned the patriotic examples of the fathers, and embraced the British doctrine of Free Trade, and for the last thirty-five or forty years it has vacillated between the advocacy of the extreme of that pernicious doctrine and what is known as a "tariff for revenue only," which it now clings to with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. A more misleading name was never given to any doctrine than a "tariff for revenue only," when all experience, past and present, proves that it never has, and does not now, produce the revenue which its friends claimed it would do. Democrats used to charge Republicans with going back to ancient history when they referred to the "tariff for revenue" law of 1857, and its failure to produce sufficient revenue to meet ordinary governmental expenditures. We are not compelled to refer to history at all now as we have tried the American doctrine of Protection and the British system of tariff for revenue within five years, and the results of both are before us. Let us examine these so far as revenue is concerned.

At the close of the civil war, in 1865, our public debt amounted to \$2,381,539,293. When President Harrison went out of office in 1893 it was reduced to \$585,057,000. In other words, the enormous amount of \$1,796,482,293 had been paid and the interest correspondingly reduced. Such brilliant financing as this is unequalled in the history of the world. But how was it accomplished? During the twenty-eight years referred

to above, Republican statesmen administered the affairs of the Republic, and Protective tariff laws, including the most perfect of them all, the McKinley law, were in operation. I should say that Mr. Cleveland's first term is included in the above, but during that time a Republican senate prevented the repeal of the Republican tariff laws, and they remained in force. Every year from 1865 to 1893 saw a steady surplus of income over expenditure, and out of that surplus came the vast sum which reduced the public debt. A few years' continuance of Republican policy would have seen the payment of the last dollar of our debt. But this was not to be. Among other charges made by the Democrats against the Republicans was that they always maintained a surplus in the treasury. I think it is generally conceded that a surplus in the treasury is a very desirable condition, and that it is only when a deficit takes its place that poverty casts its gloom over the household. It may be added that while a Republican surplus prevailed in the treasury, domestic surpluses were the rule. Discontent, however, prevailed among the people; the great reformer, Mr. Cleveland, was elected, the McKinley law was repealed, and the law which Grover refused to sign and stigmatized as the production of "perfidy and dishonor," but which he permitted to become a law without his signature was enacted.

Now behold the change: it was instantaneous and disastrous. The surplus vanished, the deficit, the Democratic deficit, came, and with it came instantly to pay the ordinary expenses of the government, and the only means by which it could be devised by the concentration of the Democratic party to pay those expenses was borrowing. When the first loan was exhausted, they borrowed again, and so they have continued until an increase of \$287,000,000 has been made in the public debt, to this must be added the interest on the above and the deficiency up to March 11, 1896, and the increase runs up to \$322,951,000. This is one of the results of three years of Democratic policy, and already we hear rumors of another \$100,000,000 loan. Republicans have pointed out to Mr. Cleveland that an increase in the revenue could be had by increasing duties on foreign goods, but he disdainfully scorns such an idea and insists that an increase in the revenue which would put more money in the treasury would not help him to meet current expenses. So the borrowing goes on, the public burdens are increased and the only gainers are the English Shylocks and the Wallstreet gold bugs.

Let me ask any man, if he was spending his money more than his in-

come, would he not be able to pay his expenses? The answer, of course, would be "Yes," but Mr. Cleveland and his party say "No." Mr. Carlisle notifies Mr. Cleveland that funds are being raised and says "What shall we do?" and Cleveland says, "Do! why what a foolish question you ask. Borrow \$100,000,000." Then some Republican says: "We can get \$100,000,000 without borrowing and paying interest, simply by making John Bull pay more duty." And Cleveland says: "That \$100,000,000 won't do any good at all. But the \$100,000,000 I borrow and on which my English friends will collect interest from this generation and the next will help us along nicely until we have to borrow again." Now, a rag-boned spendthrift who squanders the money he did not earn ever pursued a more ruinous policy than this of constant borrowing without making any provision to pay the debts he is contracting, but that is just what Cleveland and his party are doing now, and will continue to do while they remain in power. What do the readers of THE CITIZEN think of it? How long could any one of them pursue such a policy without landing in the poorhouse?

A. L. MORRISON.

Monroe Council No. 29, L. N. A.

John F. Finerty will address a public meeting of the above council, and other councils, at the parish hall, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue, on Friday, June 5, at 8 p.m. Reserved seats for ladies. All lovers of liberty are requested to attend.

LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.

Archbishop Feenah, assisted by the Rev. Hugh McGuire of St. James church as deacon, and the Rev. Fr. Fitzsimons, rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Name, as sub-deacon, laid the corner-stone of the new Church of the Holy Angels in Oakwood boulevard, near Langley avenue, at 4:30 p.m. yesterday.

The archbishop was met at the Illinois Central station at Thirty-ninth street by the 7th regiment Illinois National Guard, and by a number of Catholic societies. About 2,000 people were present.

The Rev. N. Mooney, chancellor of the diocese, was master of ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Walsh and Healy of the Holy Angels parish. The Rev. Andrew Morrissey, president of Notre Dame university, delivered the address. He said:

"We celebrate to-day the birthday of the church of Christ. It was on this day of Pentecost—of which the church has now celebrated more than 1,800 times the anniversary—that the apostles of the divine master set out to undertake the conquest of the universe. They were to teach all men all the truths necessary for salvation, and the church which they were to establish was to afford the men of all nations and of every age the means of salvation and sanctification. The success with which their efforts have been crowned alone is sufficient to demonstrate the divinity of their mission.

"May the ceremonies in which we to-day participate serve as a fitting inspiration to the good people of this parish to do and dare better and higher things in the performance of those sacred duties which their citizenship to God's church necessarily imposes upon them."

SMITH O'BRIEN.

Remarkable Political Career of the Irish Revolutionary Standard Bearer of 1848—He Began Life as a "Loyal" Subject of the British Crown.

Reasons That Forced the Chivalrous Descendant of King Brian of Kincora Into the National Rank, and That Drove Him Finally Into Exile.

William Smith O'Brien was the son of Sir Edward O'Brien, Dromoland, county Clare, and was 45 years of age when the outbreak occurred in '48. His family were in direct descent from the O'Briens of Kincora, a race that had given many a doughty champion to the Irish cause. He was educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, and this English training, together with the modern politics of his family and the society in which he moved, tended at first to make him an opponent of the National demand. When O'Connell contested Clare in the famous election where the rights of Catholics to sit in the English parliament without being subjected to an insulting oath, were vindicated, O'Brien was one of those who asked the voters to reject him. O'Brien had previously entered parliament as an opponent of Repeal, and for many years used all the influences at his command to discountenance the movement. But, contrary to his expectations, Catholic emancipation brought no relief to the people, the voice of Ireland's representatives passed unheeded, England governed Ireland in a manner which outraged even the most elementary principles of constitutional government. Aristocrat though O'Brien was, and haughty and proud and cold though his nature, the Irish leaven was too strong within him for blind allegiance to the insolent rule that wrought havoc amongst his fellow-countrymen. After a long silence he suddenly started his fellow-constituents and gladdened the

heart of the people by announcing this system of government, and proclaiming himself as a convert to Repeal. In announcing the reasons for his renunciation of the doctrines of his class, he says:

"The feelings of the Irish nation have been exasperated by every species of irritation and insult; every proposal tending to develop the sources of our industry—to raise the character and improve the condition of our population has been discountenanced, distorted, or rejected. Ireland, instead of taking its place as an integral portion of the great empire, which the valor of her sons has contributed to win, has been treated as a dependent tributary province; and at this moment, after forty-three years of nominal union, the affections of the two nations are so entirely alienated from each other, that England trusts for the maintenance of their connection, not to the attachment of the Irish people, but to the bayonets which menace our bosoms and the cannon which she has planted in all our strongholds."

O'Connell hailed O'Brien's accession to the National ranks with joy.

"I find it impossible," he said, "to give adequate expression to the delight with which I hail Mr. O'Brien's presence in the association. He now occupies his natural position—the position which centuries ago was occupied by his ancestor, Brian Boru. Whatever may become of me, it is a consolation to remember that Ireland will not be without a friend such as William Smith O'Brien, who, combining all the modern endowments of a highly cultured mind with intellectual gifts of the highest order, nervous eloquence, cutting energy, fervid love of country, and every other high qualification of a popular leader, is now where his friends would wish to see him—at the head of the Irish people."

But his connection with the great tribune was short lived. He worked as an ardent and loyal member of the Repeal association for a few years, and when O'Connell, allied to the Whigs, sought to crush the young Ireland party, O'Brien was one of the most outspoken advocates for peace. O'Connell, goaded on by his narrow-minded and vainglorious son, would not have peace. However, before introducing the famous resolutions condemning physical force, he attempted to detach O'Brien from the Young Irelanders, who refused to subscribe to the degrading doctrine. The attempt was a failure, and on the introduction of the obnoxious resolutions, O'Brien headed the secession from the association.

The story of the revolutionary movement has already been told. To meet the demands of the people the English government offered coercion—that panacea for all the ills our country is heir to—and other penal enactments. The French revolution occurred, and O'Brien formed one of the deputation appointed to present the address of congratulation to the French people. On his return from Paris he called at the house of commons, of which body he was still a member, and found them discussing the Crown and Government Security bill, the object of which was the suppression of the Irish confederation and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act. In the course of the debate

O'Brien was charged with disloyalty and treason, and amid an indescribable scene of disorder and tumult he rose to repel the accusation.

"I have been called a traitor," he said. "But if it is treason to profess disloyalty to this House and to the government of Ireland by the government of Great Britain—if that be treason, I avow the treason. Nay, more, I say it shall be the study of my life to overthrow the dominion of this parliament over Ireland. I tell the house now—that I am to be an arraigned criminal—that I would gladly accept the most ignominious death that could be inflicted upon me rather than witness the suffering and the indignities that I have seen inflicted by this legislature upon my countrymen during the last thirty years. Irish freedom must be won by Irish courage. Every statesman in the civilized globe looks upon Ireland, as you look upon Poland, and upon your connection as entirely analogous to that of Russia with Poland. I am here tonight to tell you, that if you refuse our claims to legislative independence, you will have to encounter during the present year the chance of a Republic in Ireland."

Outspoken words, surely, in the very stronghold of England's greatness.

The bill passed, and warrants were issued wholesale. The Confederate leaders determined to appeal to the country to assert its rights by force of arms, and left Dublin for this purpose. O'Brien left for Wexford, where he found but few clubs and little preparation. He then, after counsel with his fellow-leaders, determined to make Kilkenny the centre of the outbreak, but here, too, there was little organization and a great scarcity of arms. With Dillon, Meagher, O'Reilly and others he visited the neighboring towns of Callan, Carrick, Mullinahone, and Ballinacorney, but in no place were the people ready for the conflict. It was at the latter place that the fate of the movement was decided. A body of forty-six police came from Callan to arrest O'Brien, who had summoned the people to meet at Ballinacorney. On reaching that village the police found that ample precautions had been taken to defend it, and fearing an open conflict with the insurgents they took refuge in a neighbouring farmhouse. This house the insurgents attacked, but the police after killing a few men succeeded in repelling the attacking party, and the rebellion was at an end. O'Brien all through behaved with the utmost courage and gallantry. His comrades urged on him the necessity of making his way his life uselessly. His answer was that "an O'Brien never turned his back on an enemy," and he continued to fight until he was wounded, and all the time being well within the range of fire. There was no other way out of the unhappy position into which the movement had drifted but death, and he seemed determined to die. At last, when all his attempts to rally the people had failed, he listened to the solicitations of his comrades and rode away. A week afterwards he was arrested at Thurles railway station, just as he had taken a ticket for Limerick, and was hurried away by special express to Dublin.

On Sept. 28, 1848, he was arraigned at Clonmel on a charge of high treason, and after a trial of ten days was found guilty. When sentence of death was about to be pronounced his composure was undisturbed, and his bearing was full of quiet dignity and firmness. In answer to the usual question, he said:

"My lords—it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country, in my opinion, it was the duty of every Irishman to have done; and I am now prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence."

The sentence of death and decapitation was commuted, and with Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue, he was transported to Tasmania. Years afterwards he received an unconditional pardon, and returned to Ireland in 1856. His active connection with Irish politics, however, altogether ceased with his imprisonment, and after some years of traveling and retirement he died at Bangor in 1864, and was buried in the churchyard of Rathfriland, Co. Limerick—Weekly Independent.

A STRIKING IRISH PICTURE.

English Argument on Irish Soil; Irish Argument on American Soil; is the title of a beautiful colored lithograph issued by the Emerald Publishing Co., of Minneapolis. It is the creation of Chris A. Gallagher, of that city, and vividly illustrates the cursed system of English misrule and cruelty in Ireland, and points through the lesson of American independence the only potential method of redress—the sword. It is historic, instructive and inspiring, and should be in every Irish home.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"Irish-American Patriots in the Early Wars and Politics of Our Country," by Rev. Joseph A. Pompey, D.D., is a booklet that will delight, instruct and refresh you. Send 10 cents in silver for it to THOMAS J. CASEY, Publisher, 1427 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription, \$2.00
Six Months, \$1.00
Single Copies, 5cAll Subscriptions payable in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.The publishers will not be responsible for money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.
All communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—
"The Gay Parisians."**CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.**
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—
Variety.**MEYER'S THEATRE.**
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
"The Great Diamond Robbery."**NATIONAL PANORAMA.**
Wabash avenue and Hubbard corner—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Gratiot.

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—Thomas Davis.

LET ALL UNITE FOR IRELAND.

We are told by cable that "a convention of the Irish race" is to be held in Dublin next September. To this we have no objection, but we beg leave to offer a suggestion to the gentlemen, Archbishop Walsh, of Canada; John Dillon, Michael Davitt and others who are interested in bringing it about. Do not have the gathering too sectarian in character. Give the Protestants of Ireland, who may have some interest in the welfare of their country remaining in their hearts, a chance to be represented. Invite them to be represented, because they, too, belong to the Irish race. Invite the Protestant archbishops and bishops to seats upon the platform. Invite the chief men of the Episcopal, Presbyterian and other denominations to confer with you as Irishmen. If they don't come, it is at least, won't be your fault. You will have nothing to reproach yourselves with. If the Grand Master of the Orangemen should present himself, don't exclude him either, because he, too, is an Irishman albeit, according to our lights, in error. In order to conquer England, Ireland needs only one great force—the union, in politics, of all her creeds. If the Protestant part of Ulster would enter heartily into the movement for self-government, England would be compelled to give way. She never could resist the demands of a United Ireland. One hundred years ago, Thomas Emmet and James MacNeven and Wolfe Tone saw the truth of this, and they labored hard to unite all Irishmen against the common enemy.

It is not generally known to the non-Irish people of the world that the celebrated society known as the United Irishmen started as a constitutional body, seeking only for the redress of Catholic grievances. The chief movers in it were Protestants. The fatal "Union" with England had not then occurred, nor did even the most pessimistic of patriots dream of its accomplishment. Finally, the excesses of the government drove the United Irishmen to oath-bound secrecy, and soon 300,000 men were affiliated. They relied too much on foreign aid, and on this rock they split. The conservative Protestants, as well as the aristocratic Catholics, of the Flanagan and O'Connell type, were scared by the French alliance. The apparition of the unfortunate fleet, which was to have landed Hoche and his army, scared them out of their senses. They became fanatically "loyal" to England and leaned more upon her than ever. She welcomed them to her arms, gave them a bear's hug and rendered them powerless to resist her blandishments, supported as they were by force and corruption. From that day to this, there has been an estrangement from the Irish cause on the part of the Protestant population of the country, from the highest almost to the lowest, and the same is true of the aristocratic portion of the Irish Catholics, at least since 1829. It is no wonder, therefore, that every movement for Irish liberty, constitutional or forceful, failed. Ireland, in the words of Drennan, was

Crumbled by a foreign weight.
And by worse—domestic hate.

The "convention of the Irish race" to be held in Dublin should set to work to end the spirit of discord. If the Protestants will not go the whole way in the direction of liberty with their Catholic fellow-countrymen all at once, let them, at least, signify how far they will go. They certainly cannot be insane enough to doom their country to its present deplorable fate forever, merely because William and James fought at the Boyne Water more than two hundred years

ago. The rallying song of the coming convention should be, as in the better days of the movement.

Come all together, for Ireland gather
From Galway to Dunleary,
Let all combine and fall in line
Fermanagh and Tipperary!
Then shall we be for aye as free
As wind that sweeps the heather,
And foes shall quail and England pale
When we cross the Boyne together!

THE ST. LOUIS DISASTER.

At the hour of going to press we are not fully informed of the complete result of the unusually deadly tornado that swept upon St. Louis and East St. Louis Wednesday afternoon. It is quite certain, however, that many hundreds of lives have been lost and a vast amount of public and private property destroyed. Conservative estimates, up to date, place the deaths in both cities at about 600, while the number of injured is, at present, beyond calculation. These visitations are becoming so frequent in the United States that people are not taken by surprise when they come with deadly force in many localities. Science seems powerless to account for them in a comprehensible way. Electricity seems to be the moving force of the furious monsters. Are we using it too freely? Has science developed a force it cannot control? This theory, we believe, has been advanced by some accomplished meteorologists. Our St. Louis and East St. Louis friends have our heartfelt sympathy in the appalling misfortune that has fallen upon them.

ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY.

Many Americans are absolutely uninformed relative to the origin of Decoration Day, and in reply to their inquiries, we take the following from the Inter-Oceanic's collection of "Curiosities Shop" answers, and credited to Mr. Charles O. Lucas, of Greenville, S. C.:

"Mrs. Sarah Nicholas Evans, who died recently in Des Moines, Ia., was one of four ladies with whom the observance of Decoration Day originated. On April 13, 1862, just one year after the fall of Fort Sumter, Mrs. Evans, with the wife and two daughters of Chaplain May, of the 2nd regiment Michigan volunteers, decorated the graves of a number of soldiers buried on Arlington Heights. In May of the next year, the same ladies performed the service again at the same place. In May of the year following they rendered the same sad pleasant attention to the graves of the soldiers buried at Fredericksburg. In 1874, Congress took notice of a ceremonial so significant of the nation's obligation to the dead, and May 1 made a legal holiday. It was becoming, after such a record, that Mrs. Evans should have a formal recognition by the Grand army. This was given her by Crook Post, No. 12, Des Moines, in February 1873, the same recognition being extended to Miss Ella May, now the only survivor of the four, a few months later."

We may add that the generous custom of decorating impartially the graves of both Federal and Confederate soldiers, originated with the ladies of Memphis, Tenn., sometime in the 70s. The fact is commemorated in that beautiful poem, "The Blue and the Gray," thus:
No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red,
They banish our anger forever
When they garland the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Under the roses the Blue—
Under the lilies the Gray!

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON WAR

The Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland smelled powder when he served as a chaplain in the army during some of the fiercest conflicts of the civil war. We are not astonished, therefore, at finding him quoted as saying at a recent banquet given by the loyal legion commandery at St. Louis, referring to the movement on foot in America and England for universal arbitration, that "war is a great instigator of patriotism, and that if we come to a stage where everything in dispute is to be peacefully settled, we will lose interest in the affairs of our country in its relations with other governments." The words he spoke were greeted with a perfect storm of applause.

War, while it is to be avoided as a plague unless a great principle is at stake, is not the unmixed evil which cowards, sycophants and belly achers would declare it to be. It is one of the most venerable "institutions" known to human history, as may be discovered by reference to the old testament and other books of antiquity. All the great old nations were nations of warriors, the Assyrians, the Israelites, the Greeks, the Romans, the Gauls, the Germans, the British, the Irish and the Slavs. Without war, the Greeks might never have been heard of, and the Romans would have confined their civilizing influence to a small portion of the Italian peninsula; Holland would be a swamp on the edges of France and Germany; England would have escaped many crimes, but would have failed of her magnificent expansion; Russia would be in the same category; Germany would be a loose federation of kindred states with hostile interests; France would be in the same condition; the United States would be a feeble, sickly province, instead of the stupendous giant it has become within the last

half century, and so on throughout the list of great nations.

The Quaker policy is unworthy of serious consideration. It is at variance with every instinct of pride and manhood, in the national sense. We don't believe in going to war on any and every trivial pretext, but when a question like the Monroe doctrine, or the Alaska boundary line, comes up, we believe in maintaining our rights with all the resources at our disposal. The poet Campbell sums up the question of war or peace in the following powerful lines:

Is't death to fall for freedom's right?
He's only dead who lacks her light.
And murder sullies, in heaven's sight,
The sword he draws—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause.

Give that, and welcome war to brace
His drums, and rend heaven's reeking space,
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer—
Though death's pale horse led on the chase
Shall still be dear!

NOTICE.

The officers of Irish and Catholic societies will greatly oblige THE CITIZEN by sending in their reports of society and religious events not later than noon on Wednesdays.

ANOTHER EX-PRIEST ON THE RAMPAGE.

A Durango, Colo., correspondent has sent us a copy of the Herald of that city, dated the 14th inst., which says:

"The court house last evening reminded one of the political meetings of two years ago when every inch of available space was occupied. Standing room was at a premium and the hallway filled while many were compelled to go away not being able to get within hearing distance.

"Mr. Daly is a portly gentleman and his appearance puts one in mind of a priest, as calling he followed for some years. His address was devoted to the necessity of the organization of which he was a member and which is obtaining a strong foothold in the United States. He believed in the complete separation of church and state and this was exactly the opposite to the policy of the Roman Catholic church, which was first for the Pope and then for the country. He believed people who resided and made their living in America should be for America. The speaker illustrated the manner in which Catholics control, with only a small percentage of the vote and population. He had nothing to say against Catholics as individuals, but against the Pope. He did not believe in persecution but he believed in voting for and electing men to office who were for their country first instead of some foreigner who set himself up as omnipotent. He did not like the idea of individuals starving themselves in order to send money to the Pope to enable him to revel in luxury. In fact he believed in American rule and not some religious sect.

"The above, in brief, was the line of Mr. Daly's address which was followed very closely and received hearty applause at frequent intervals.

"This afternoon at 2.30 he will address women only at Odd Fellows hall in the Schutt block and at 8 o'clock men only. An admission of 25 cents will be charged at each meeting."

The Pope! Of course it is always the Pope, because his Holiness is the visible head of the Catholic church. Without the Pope, there would be no visible head, and the church would break into a hundred fragments, like the other churches which have no visible, supreme head. This is a line of reasoning which free churches "see will" and, we suppose, "free love," hate the Pope. This is why the Slattery's and Dalys and the Fowlers and the rest of the howling brigade make him an object of attack. The Pope represents authority, dignity and spiritual consistency. Therefore, they want him not. He represents Christ, but they don't want Christ to be represented. They are "religious" unto themselves.

What does "ex-priest" Daly want to talk confidentially to women about? It can be nothing very good. What does he want to talk to men confidentially about? It can be nothing good either. He is, of course, loaded down with the same old, stale stock of lies, or perversions of the truth.

As to papal influence in the secular, or political, affairs of America, all intelligent citizens know, or ought to know, that he is quite as powerless as the Queen of England—perhaps more powerless.

One of the foremost of lay Catholics, Mr. William J. Onahan, writing relative to the A. P. A. conspiracy to the Evening Post of this city recently says:

"The Washington correspondent of the Post, May 19, referring in yesterday's paper to the letter of his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, says: 'The general interpretation put upon Cardinal Gibbons' statement is that the Roman Catholic church will be directed to antagonize any nomination favored by the A. P. A.'"

"Catholics will smile at this suggestion, the Roman Catholic church will be directed, etc. Pray, who will do the directing—who is to give the orders? There is no influence or power within or beyond the limits of the United States that can direct and control the Catholic

vote. There never has been such a power; there exists no such power now. I can confidently assert that Cardinal Gibbons contemplated no attempt of the kind when he suggested that 'the members of a religious body whose rights, civil and religious, are attacked will naturally and unanimously espouse the cause of the party which has the courage openly to avow the principles of civil and religious liberty according to the constitution.'

"The statement is an obvious and reasonable conclusion. Only in A. P. A. lodges and in A. P. A. manifestoes is put forth the groundless and ridiculous suggestion that Catholics vote according to ecclesiastical dictation and influence. Of course, the idea is absurd, and only very silly and credulous people will credit such nonsense. Nor is the so-called Catholic vote, in my opinion, anything like as 'solid' for the democratic party as Senator Cameron, (according to your correspondent) seems to think.

"It is a democrat who makes this acknowledgment. Time was in the history of political parties in this country when from causes well understood the foreign-born citizens, especially the Irish-Catholics, may be said to have voted the democratic ticket almost en masse. But this unanimity, or political solidarity, has long since been broken up, and I must say I am glad of it. I do not believe it is desirable that any nationality or any religious body should vote solid—I don't care for what party.

"The less of these religious or national grooves we have in American politics the better all round. But, at the same time, if Germans or Irishmen as such are assailed and lampooned, and their rights as citizens denied, what more natural than that the nationality thus set upon should combine in defence of its constitutional rights? And so emphatically, too, in the case of a religious body 'whose rights, civil and religious, are attacked.' What more consistent than that they should naturally and unanimously espouse the cause of the party which has the courage openly to avow the principles of civil and religious liberty according to the constitution?"

"Would not any reasonable man say this would be acting according to the dictates of prudence and common sense? 'No ecclesiastical dictation or mandate need be in question at all. It would be the logic of conditions. The cardinal voices, I am confident, the feelings and sentiments not only of Catholics in general, but also, I am persuaded, the conclusions of all citizens without distinction who love fair play and who insist on equal rights for all citizens in public and political life. The mischievous secret Catholic organization known as the 'A. P. A.' has in recent years sought to foment religious prejudices in this country. It has endeavored by every nefarious and unworthy means to set Protestant against Catholic. It has appealed to the worst prejudices to inflame the passion of religious fury and sectarian animosity by wicked and outrageous attacks on the constitutional rights of a large class of peaceable, law-abiding citizens—because of their religious belief. And Catholics have hitherto, it must be admitted, patiently endured these unworthy assaults on their political rights and religious belief, in the confidence that so unworthy and so unreasonable an outbreak of bigotry must soon run its course, and in the assurance that the American public, however little that public might care about religion, would see to it that no citizen should be denied full religious freedom and equal civil and political rights. The end of this A. P. A. conspiracy ought to be speedy and ignominious. I believe its collapse would be sudden and complete were the politicians less truckling and cowardly.

"In singling out for attack and in assailing the rights of Catholics this organization menaces the rights of every other class of citizens. In this prospective warfare it is not the Catholics alone who are thereby wronged. If I am denied my constitutional rights or abridged in my political privileges my neighbor is wronged as well as I. The constitution which protects us both is thereby set at naught. In this every citizen is concerned and all suffer by reason of it. Is it not time, then, this cowardly conspiracy were stamped out, once and for all?"

We say, most emphatically, yes. It is time to end the shameful posture, and the best way to end it is just by such frank, independent opinion as that expressed by Cardinal Gibbons and Mr. Onahan.

Our Durango correspondent says that "ex-priest" C. P. Daly, "hails from Chicago." We never heard of him here. Did anybody else? Have the good people of Durango been fooled by this man Daly at the rate of 25 cents a head?

The resignation of Col. John P. Hopkins from the Governor's staff, deprives that body of its handsomest member. Col. Donovan is magnificent rather than handsome.

Mr. DENNIS SULLIVAN, of East St. Louis, who had been in Ireland for several months, was given a reception at the house of his friend, Mr. Thomas Hanifan, of that city, on the evening of Saturday week.

COL. ARTHUR PREUSS has concluded not to remove to St. Louis with his Review, as previously stated. He will remain in Chicago, and, we must say, we

are glad that we will not lose the healthy irritant of his bright paper. The Colonel is quite muscular in his style of writing, but he always shows fair play.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

OUR WARRIORS DEAD.

BY CHARLES J. SEATTE.

We come with annual offerings meet—
With banners, flow'rs and tears
For men who fought for liberty through
bitter, trying years—
In three dread wars 'gainst slavery upon
the land and main—
Who broke the monarch's sceptre and
burst the despots chain!

In memory of the gallant men who nobly
fought and fell
For freedom's cause, in freedom's land,
the tyrants' borders to quell—
Who bared their bosoms to the storm—
stem'd war's red tide of gore;
And drove the Tories from our coast—
the invaders from our shore!

In '76 when freedom's hands 'gainst
tyrant hosts were hur'd,
And freedom's gun at Lexington re-
sounded o'er the world—
When England mass'd upon our shores
her hosts of war and spoil—
Her Tory and her Hessian slaves were
chased from freedom's soil!

Then let the men of '76 forever be es-
teemed
The saviors of the human race—who
this fair land redeem'd
From plunder, murder, arson, war, the
shackle and the throng—
Who braved a cruel tyrant's power to
right a giant wrong.

When England sent her hordes again to
plunder, burn and slay—
In eighteen-twelve—her grenadiers in
all their red array—
The patriots met them on the field and
on the billow main
And banished freedom's sordid foes
from freedom's land again!

And when the dragon show'd its fangs
in fierce domestic strife,
And slavery's cohorts aimed their guns
against the nation's life—
The sons of freedom met the foe by
city, ford and field,
And taught the Spartans of the South
to freedom's flag to yield.

Hail, regal heroes of three wars, your
names shall ever be
In glory graved on honor's roll—be-
loved by all the free—
Each heart that throbs for freedom
a sacred nook shall keep
For freedom's volunteers who fought on
land or on the deep.

Bring forth the flag and let its folds
float o'er each hero's grave,
A tribute to the martyrs dead—a greet-
ing to the brave—
Strew brilliant flow'rs above each
mound o'er every soldier's breast,
A nation's tears bedew the biers where
freedom's warriors rest!

MR. LYMAN EULOGIZES THE LATE FRANCIS AGNEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN—
Dear Sir: I have learned with profound sorrow of the death of that magnificent Irishman, that sterling friend, Mr. Francis Agnew. His loss is a serious one to the Irish cause, for there was no more earnest worker than he, no one whose advice was so valuable at a critical moment.

He was identified with the good work from his earlier years, and until his death he gave to it his best thought and time, and his purse was ever open for its advancement.

It was my good fortune to be for a short time closely connected with him, when I had opportunity to see more clearly than others the grand qualities of both head and heart which distinguished him.

He was a man of high principle, had the courage of his convictions—in a word, he was a man of great strength of character, and ever ready to do and dare. He was not a man of compromises, and there was no better or truer friend. What a kindly light there was in his eyes, what a world of good fellowship in the grasp of his strong right hand!

This little tribute to his worth I beg to offer as a wreath for his grave. The men of Chicago, among whom he lived and labored, should cherish the memory of this noble man. Would to God that all Irishmen were as he was.

His sorrowing wife and family have my heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement. May he rest in peace! Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM LYMAN,
President Irish National Alliance,
Headquarters, Potter Building, New York.
May 20, 1896.

ST. JOACHIM'S DEDICATED.

St. Joachim's Catholic church, Rev. W. S. Hennessy pastor, was dedicated by Archbishop Feehan at 2 o'clock last Sunday afternoon. His Grace arrived at Burnside station at 1:30 o'clock, and was met by 200 of the United States Juniors of the Holy Family parish, with rifle and drum corps, and also the Sodality brass band of the same parish. The youths, dressed in full uniform of the regular army of the United States, made a splendid appearance, and were heartily applauded by the spectators, who lined the thoroughfares through which they marched. The Ancient Order of Hibernian divisions from South Chicago and Pullman turned out in fairly good strength and looked well. Then came different courts of the Catholic Order of Foresters, to the number of 400 men, who were headed by a fine brass band furnished by St. Patrick's court of South Chicago. The men of St. Joachim's parish formed the rear guard of the procession and marched with a steady

step that spoke well for their military instinct.

Catholics and non-Catholics of the neighborhood were not alone surprised but delighted at the fine display. It was an occasion of surpassing interest to be long remembered.

Archbishop Feehan preached the dedicatory sermon, and, in the course of his remarks, complimented Father Hennessy and his parishioners on their zeal in building a church which is a credit to the Catholic religion. His Grace afterward gave the sacrament of confirmation to fifty children, to whom he delivered a beautiful, paternal address.

The new church is situated between Burnside and Dauphin Park, and in the neighborhood of the new Illinois Central shops, recently erected by the company at a cost of \$2,000,000.

Three years ago Father Hennessy was appointed pastor of Stony Island. At that time only a few families were in the district, but, during the last year or two, the Catholic population has rapidly increased. The church improvements during the last year cost Father Hennessy and his congregation \$11,000. The able and zealous young pastor has the cordial congratulations of THE CITIZEN on his well-deserved success. Among the clergymen present at the dedication were Rev. Fathers Fitzsimmons, Mooney, Hishen, Crowe, Hennessy, Mackin, Gillan, Luttrell, Tynan, Foley, Welsh, McDonald, Croke, O'Shea, Mulally, M. Hennessy, Hackett and Ryan, C. S. V.

THE IRISH A NOBLE RACE.

(Cleveland Plaindealer, May 1).

In an address before the Brownson club and its friends at Army and Navy hall last night, Rev. Dr. George W. Pepper (Methodist) paid a splendid tribute to the Irish people—their love of liberty, natural eloquence and fair-mindedness. Replying to the alleged intolerance of Irish Roman Catholics he said:

"A thousand memories, a thousand events, a thousand festivities, which the genius of history has written with a pencil of light, protest against the slander that Irish Catholics, or the Catholics of any nationality, are not friends of liberty. I appeal to history. Listen to the words of the Irish Catholic parliament of 1689: 'We hereby declare that it is the law of this land that no man shall ever again be persecuted for his religion.' The hallowed hearts of Wallace and of Bruce were embalm'd in the spices of Catholic Rome. When a body of Highlanders was brought to Glasgow to have forced down their throats pre-
lacy these heroic Presbyterians emigrated to Ireland and were received with open arms by the Catholics of the country. Hear French testimony: 'When the Huguenots were driven from France they found a magnificent shelter in Ireland, and today their descendants are prosperous.' Hear Germany: 'When the German Protestants were driven from the Palatinate they were cordially welcomed by the Catholics of Limerick, of whom the Emboys and the Hecks became the founders of American Methodism.' When bloody Mary stained the streets of London and Bristol with blood, the Catholic corporation of Dublin took seventy-two houses, brought over the persecuted, clothed, fed and protected them. Hear the testimony of the English Unitarians: 'We ought not to forget that the Catholic association of Ireland recommended our cause to Ireland in an address drawn up by Mr. O'Connell. To them we are under great obligations. Let us testify our sense of these obligations by supporting their cause.'

"Bishop Mathew Simpson, the companion and eulogist of the pure-souled Abraham Lincoln, a Methodist, and an honor to Christianity, says: 'I heard Cardinal Manning in London declare that had it not been for John Wesley and his preaching of justification by faith, no French could tell to what a depth of degradation England would have sunk.' Why, then, all these stale stories of Catholics being inimical to American liberty? Why this shower of slander? Why this inequitable and with scandalized astonishment. Sheridan, Corcoran, Meagher, Sherman, illustrious commanders of our armies, I am glad ye are dead. The inquisitors who cowardly assail candidates about their religious preferences ought, with a slight variation, be driven away in the words of a brilliant Boston editor: 'Go to — home.'

"Pay no attention to the wild and wicked slanders of men assuming the sacred name of missionaries who are using all their resources to revive the horrors of the French revolution by frantic appeals to religious prejudice."

HOLY FAMILY CONFIRMATION.

Sunday, May 31, will be confirmation day in the Holy Family parish. Archbishop Feehan will administer the sacrament at 4 p. m., and his Grace will be received by the societies of the parish at 3 p. m. at Ashland boulevard and Harrison street. The grand marshal of the parade will be Thomas F. Scully, and the following organizations will participate, with their bands:

First Division—Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, Young Men's sodality, United States Juniors, Married Men's sodality, Emerald Cadets, First communion boys and girls, Young Crusaders, St. Joseph's society, Holy Family society, Columbian Guards, Sacred Heart school; other Catholic schools, Guardian Angels cadets.

Second Division—Father Mathew cadets and society, Holy Family cadets and society, A. O. H. Divisions 5, 7, 23, 28, G. A. A.

Third Division—C. O. F. E., civil and military, several courts and companies. A platoon of police will head the parade to keep the route clear.

The first division will form on May street, right resting on Twelfth; the second division will form on May street, right resting on Eleventh; the third division will form on Eleventh street, right resting on May. The procession will move at 2 p. m. sharp.

Out of weakness comes strength when the blood has been purified, enriched and vitalized, the appetite restored and the system built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists, 25c.

ton, in May St. Nicholas.

ELECTRICITY AT SEA.

OUR GREAT STEAMSHIPS GUIDED BY A FINGER'S TOUCH.

Machinery Operated by the Magic Power. Rudder Guided by the Electric Current. All Signals Verify Themselves—The Plant on the St. Paul.

The real mysteries and the most interesting parts of a great ocean steamship of the present day are to be found in two parts of the ship which visitors are seldom able to get at.

"Here is the nerve center of the ship," said the officer as he stepped upon the bridge. "and here day and night stands an officer on watch, during every minute that she is under way, posted on the weather side and able with a touch and a glance to guide her, to move her backward or forward, and to know without asking whether each of his orders is being obeyed promptly by the men and mechanism toiling down in the hold."

"Here," he continued, moving to near the center of the bridge, "is the electric arrangement by which we transmit our orders to the engine room." The device upon which he laid his hand was of brass and was shaped like a drum, supported on its side on a brass standard. In place of the drumheads were plates of glass, and behind these were lettered dials, on which were marked the orders of the engineer. Handles came up through slots in the top of the drum, and these moved, indicating points around the face of the dials.

"One of these dials carries orders for the movements of the port engine," said the officer, "and one for the starboard engine. Move the handles forward of the center and the orders are for going ahead; move them the other way and they relate to the movements of the engines when reversed."

"But suppose the wires are broken or the electric current does not work—what then?" the reporter asked.

"You see the second set of indicators on the dials?" he replied. "When the engineer gets an order, he sets a similar dial in the engine room to the mark indicated, and that second indicator in our dial goes around and stops at the signal. Thus we know at a glance that he has not only got the order, but that he has got it correctly."

"We have, however, another indicator here," and he touched a button which lighted up a translucent dial just under the coping of the bridge bulwark, "which tells us at every moment just what the engines are doing."

This dial was perhaps a foot long and narrow, with indicator point resting at the time at a zero mark at its center. On either side were graduated scales with numbers. "The numbers," the officer said, "represent the revolutions per minute which the screw is making, and when the point goes over one way the screw is working ahead, and when it goes over the other way it is going back. There is the other indicator for the other screw. All the signal apparatus is in duplicate also."

Turning then, he pointed to an electric button in the front of the pilot house. "That blows the whistle," he said.

Then he pointed aft to where the whistle stands in front of the forward funnel and indicated two electro magnets, which, when the current goes through their wires, draw open the whistle valve and let the steam into its whistle throat.

Within the pilot house he then showed another electric contrivance which, in connection with a clock movement, sounds the whistle automatically for ten seconds in every minute during fog.

Beside that was a set of nine electric switches. "These," he said, "are for the ship's lights. These are for the masthead lights, and the others for the port and starboard bow lights. There are three separate sets of wires to each light and two lamps in each. If a lamp goes out, this little bell rings and another lamp is switched into circuit at once."

Except for the carefully shaded electric lights in the pilot house, this was all of that sort of apparatus there, but the steering wheel and its manner of operation were as interesting in another way.

Here, with hardly an effort, one man can control the great rudder of the ship with the certainty and ease with which he might that of the smallest sailboat. It is a simple thing. The wheel merely operates a pump, which in turn injects a column of glycerin through small brass pipes to a cylinder aft, where the rudder head comes up and the plunger in this cylinder opens and closes a steam valve.

Just back of the officers' quarters stands a ventilator, which connects with those quarters. Others, like it, but bigger, along the ship's upper deck connect with and supply air to all parts of the ship except the boiler rooms. These have their own plain shafts. In each of the ventilating shafts is an electric motor driving a fan. Instead of trusting for the entry of air to the wind blowing into the old fashioned wide open mouths of the ventilators these now ones force the air down just as it may be wanted by the electrically driven fans. Beneath the fans again are coils of steam pipe, and in cold weather the air is warmed by these before it enters the saloons, staterooms and other living parts of the ship.

"Down below," said the officer finally, "there are many more uses to which electricity is put on the ship, and then there are her engines—but that is a region where I am as unacquainted as you are. It takes long enough for one to get acquainted with the parts of such a big ship that one has to know about. I have been aboard the St. Paul ever since she has been running, and there are lots of things about her which I ought to know that I don't know yet, such as where to find anything in a hurry in her store-rooms. She is a great ship, I can tell you."—New York Sun.

A CUNNING COLLECTOR.

He Has Devised Means by Which He Is Able to Reach Elusive Debtors.

The regulations of the postoffice department forbid postmasters to furnish to inquirers the addresses of persons who have removed from the residences or places of business formerly occupied by them, the reason for this rule, as given in the official instructions, being as follows:

"The agents of the postoffice department are furnished with the names and addresses upon letters and other articles of mail matter for the sole purpose of enabling them to make delivery thereof to the persons intended. Such names and addresses are to be regarded as confidential, and this confidence must be respected."

Among those to whom this regulation furnishes a protection against undesirable intrusion are some who have followed the Arabian custom of silently stealing away after due folding of tents, but have omitted to settle with their grocers, butchers and milkmen. The anxious creditors, on seeking from the letter carrier or at the postoffice for aid in finding the delinquents, are confronted with this rule and retire from the search baffled. An ingenious man, however, whose business is that of a collector of such debts, has hit upon a method of smoking out these modest and retiring nomads, and has practiced it with success. His plan is to send each of them a circular bearing a heading which gives the impression that he is in the express business, and informing the recipient that he has a package for him which he is unable to deliver for lack of knowledge of his present address, to which it will be promptly dispatched on receipt of the necessary information.

This circular is directed to the former address of the man who is "wanted," and is then redirected and forwarded by the postman to that which has been confided to the postoffice. Inspired by wild hopes as to the possible value of the package, the debtor takes the wily author of the circular also into his confidence, sends him his new address and awaits the arrival of the mysterious bundle, only to find too late that men betray. He receives a call from his creditor's representative, with demand for an immediate settlement or threat of a lawsuit. Thus does the cunning pursuer of the oft-fitting debtor bring to naught the august mandate of the government.

—New York Tribune.

RAILROAD YARD TERRORS.

Even Trainmen Cannot Cross the Tracks at Night Without Fear.

"It's hard for the ordinary traveler to realize the terrors of the average railroad yard," said an old and experienced trainman at one of the big Jersey City terminals to a reporter. "The commuter who scans the yards daily as he is smoothly riding through them naturally enough fails to appreciate the mass of detail in the duties of the men who are employed to switch him safely into the station. Of course the routine work we do, fraught with responsibility and danger as it is, becomes mechanical enough to us in time, but there is one thing that I have never been able to do with coolness in all the years I have been employed here, and that is to cross this network of tracks at night. The experience of Thomas Bunker, the freight clerk at the Lehigh Valley station in Communi-paw, is proof that I am not the only hardened railroadman afflicted in this way. Bunker was run down by an engine because he got bewildered in the mass of tracks. I don't blame him. Why, it's enough to give a man heart disease to attempt to cross such an aggregation of rails, with a lot of headlights moving all around him and scores of bells and whistles ringing in his ears."

"Every time that I am compelled to make such a trip—and I only do so nowadays when I am compelled to—I get the lay of the land well in my mind and note which engines are moving and which are not, but it is of no use. By the time I'm in the middle of the yard my head is in a whirl; the headlights are dancing all around me, and I skip and dodge around frantically until I get safely on the other side. Usually most of the locomotives are standing still in the train shed, but it's hard to believe it when you are in front of them. Some commuters who work in Jersey City have a trick of walking into the station from the yard to save the trouble of going around by the regular way, but when I can I always warn them of the danger of doing so."—New York Sun.

A Variable Preference.

"What is your favorite color?" the young woman inquired.

"Under what circumstances?" Colonel Carter rejoined.

"Why—I should think one's favorite color would be the same at all times."

"Decidedly not, miss. Decidedly not. Now, if I happen to be admiring a sunset, my favorite color is red or yellow or something of that sort. But if it should happen that I am engaged in a friendly game with a select circle of perfect gentlemen, in which pokah chips appear, I have a very strong prejudice in favor of blue."—Washington Star.

An Indication of Character.

"And shall I speak to your father?" asked the young man.

"Never mind about papa," said the young woman. "I'll fix him."

For the first time he noticed the width and squareness of her inferior maxillary.—Indianapolis Journal.

New Castle's Tin Mills.

It does not seem to be generally known that New Castle, Pa., has the largest tin plate mill in the world. Yet that is the fact. It has 22 mills. The nearest one to it is in Swansea, Wales, which has 18 mills.—Philadelphia Times.

The points of a crossbill's mandibles do not meet, but cross each other. This peculiarity is of great service to the bird in forcing open the pine burr, on the seeds of which it feeds.

DOTTIE'S GARDEN.

I'm glad that springtime's coming
When the days are warm,
When the winter time is over
With its snow and storm.
"Cause papa has promised
That he will make for me
The cutest little garden
That ever you did see.

And when papa has made it
I'll give it lots of care
And raise the mostest flowers
And give them everywhere.
I'll send you all a violet,
A pansy and a rose,
And buttercup and daisy
And every kind that grows.

And we must plant some other things,
The kind that's good to eat,
So we can help the poor folks
Who live on our back street.
And when my garden's finished
You all must come and see
It growing in the little box
Papa has made for me.

—Womankind.

BEAUTIFUL JAVA.

Its Scenery Said to Be an Example of Tropical Perfection.

The scenery of Java is, I think, tropical perfection. No sameness in the landscape wearies the eye. All is valley and mountain, cultivated with beautiful crops—irrigated ricefields, emerald green stretches of tall, waving maize, small thickets of bamboo, gracefully bending to the breeze—or covered with a tropical verdure only equaled in beauty by the forests of South America. Being only midway when we arrived at Tassikmalaya, we ordered tiffin and two carts to be ready an hour later to take us on a 25 mile stage to Bandjar. So at 2 o'clock we were once more en route in the usual conveyances of small swerving covered carts—each drawn by three ponies—one for ourselves and the other for the baggage. For the first few hours we passed frequently through small villages, where the ponies were watered, and our drivers chatted with the fruit sellers, and smoked small tapering cigarettes, which they bought for a quarter penny the packet.

The last part of the journey was through tall jungle, and as the sun had set some two hours before our arrival at our destination, it was no easy matter for the drivers to keep the road in the inky darkness. Finally a long, steep hill took us down from the comparative coolness of a high altitude into the fetid swamps where lies the town of Bandjar. At first sight you would think these swamps inhabited, in such myriads do the fireflies flit to and fro, or hang motionless, lamplike, in the misty air, giving one the idea of the lights of some distant village. All the natives here, as elsewhere in the island, hold the white man in great awe, and as you pass along all doff their huge brimmed hats, and some kneel by the wayside. In such towns in the interior as Bandjar there are no hotels, but the Dutch government provides free stopping houses for travelers—dirty, tumble down places for the most part—where a caretaker will look after them for "a consideration."—Westminster Review.

African Dwarf Palm.

Of late years the dwarf palm so abundant in Africa has been profitably utilized by French artisans, the leaves, it is stated, furnishing 60 per cent of a fiber which is extensively used as a cheap substitute for horsehair, according to the following process: The fiber is extracted either by hand combing or by means of drums with needles and knives worked by steam power. The green fiber is twisted or curled in its raw state and finds several applications. The black sort is at first dyed in baths of sulphate of iron and logwood, then twisted and again dyed. This fiber, it is alleged, possesses two advantages over animal fiber, which have led to its extensive employment, it being exempt from insect destruction and some 75 per cent less expensive than horsehair. There are, it is said, large works in Algeria, where the leaves are bought in large quantities and the fiber cleaned on a commercial scale. In Oran one factory prepares daily some 60 bales of 300 pounds each. In another, by a particular process, a firm prepares the material black and brilliant without smell or dust, at the rate of 50 tons per month. As material for the coarser descriptions of paper it has also proved serviceable.

—New York Sun.

A Baltimore Carrier's Stamp.

Dr. John Morris of this city has in his possession a stamp which was issued by the carriers of Baltimore antecedent to the inauguration of the free delivery system. Dr. Morris was postmaster of Baltimore from 1857 to 1861, and it was during his administration that the carriers' stamp was employed here. It is a 1 cent stamp.

The stamp was issued by the carriers for their own convenience. The system obtaining at that time, by which they collected the cost of postage from patrons of the postal service to whom letters were delivered, was troublesome to the carriers, and in order to save themselves the inconvenience, the carriers instituted this stamp. It was continued until the act of congress was passed establishing free delivery. The stamp is a great rarity, very few of them being in existence.—Baltimore American.

Attractive to Bicyclists.

"Have you visited the Phipps' conservatory lately, Miss Garwell?"

"No, Mr. Dukane, I haven't."

"I think you would enjoy a visit very much. You are such an enthusiastic wheelwoman."

"Pardon me, but I do not exactly see the connection between a conservatory and bicycling."

"Well, the conservatory is full of bloomers, you see."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The smaller the drink the clearer the head and the cooler the blood, which are great benefits in temper and business.—William Penn.

Delaware people are called "Mush-rats," an allusion to the former abundance of these animals.

EFFECT OF TEA CIGARETTES.

They Give One a Sensation of Thickening in the Head.

One of the most injurious and dangerous of new fashions is the tea cigarette. That this is no empty, baseless story of a new craze is shown by the application made last week to the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington for permission to manufacture tea cigarettes in Michigan. The applicant was told that to engage in such manufacture he must comply with the law governing the manufacturing of tobacco cigarettes, tea being a substitute for tobacco; that he must register, give bond and so on, and that the cigarettes, when made, must be packed, stamped, branded and labeled, exactly as the tobacco cigarettes, before the government would sanction their removal from the factory for sale.

Several descriptions of the tea cigarette have been printed, but these have erred in the presumption that the tea was taken as sold, rolled up in a paper and smoked. This would be practically impossible, as the sharp edges of the tea would cut the paper in all directions, spoil the draft and render the cigarettes unsmokable.

To make the tea cigarette one takes a grade of green tea which has but little dust, being composed of unbroken leaf, and dampens it carefully, just enough to permit the leaves to be unrolled without being broken, and so as to be left pliable and capable of being stuffed in the paper cylinder, while the dampness is not sufficient to stain the paper. The cigarettes are laid aside for a few days and are then ready to be smoked.

The feeling of a tea cigarette in the mouth is peculiar. The taste is not so disagreeable as might be supposed, but the effect on the eye is a sense of thickening in the head and a disposition to take hold of something or sit down. If the beginner quits them, that settles it, he will not try tea cigarettes again. If, however, the smoker sits down and tries a second cigarette, inhaling it deeply, then the thickening feeling passes and is succeeded by one of intense exhilaration. The nerves are stimulated until the smoker feels like flying, skirt dancing or doing something else entirely out of the common way. This stage lasts as long as the smoke continues, which is until the reaction of the stomach sets in.

Words cannot describe the final effects of the tea cigarette. The agony of the opium fiend is a shadow to that of the nauseated victim of the tea cigarette. It will be hours before food can be looked at, yet the first step toward a cure is a cup of tea. An hour afterward comes the craving for the tea cigarette.—Cincinnati Tribune.

PORTUGUESE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

They Have Done Nothing to Explore or Develop the Country.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, long before the first Dutch fort was erected at Cape Town, Portugal had planted her settlers at various points along the east coast, from Delagoa bay to the Zambesi and Mozambique. They did some trading in gold and ivory with the interior, and they ascended the Zambesi for several hundred miles. But the pestilential strip of flat ground which lay between the coast and the plateau dampened their desires and threw obstacles in the way of their advance. They did little to explore and nothing to civilize the interior.

Three centuries passed, during which our knowledge of south central Africa was scarcely extended, and it was not till some 60 years ago that the Dutch Boers in their slow wagons pushed northeastward from Cape Colony to the spots where Bloemfontein and Pretoria now stand; not till 1854-5 that David Livingstone made his way through Bechuanaland to the Victoria falls of the Zambesi and to the Atlantic coast at Lourenco; not till 1859 that the vast territories which lie between the Transvaal republic and Lake Tanganyika began to be occupied by the Mashonaland pioneers. All these farmers, explorers and mining prospectors came up over the high plateau from the extreme southernmost end of Africa, checked from time to time by the warlike native tribes, but drawn on by finding everywhere a country in which Europeans could live and thrive, while the Portuguese, having long since lost the impulse of discovery and conquest, did no more than maintain their hold upon the coast, and allowed even the few forts they had established along the course of the Zambesi to crumble away.—Professor James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

How He Revenged Himself.

A capital story is told by a well known bishop concerning the squire of a parish of which he was formerly vicar.

This gentleman had a rooted objection to his pew being invaded, and upon one occasion, at the conclusion of a service, he came to the vicar with a bitter complaint against a stranger who, uninvited, had ventured to intrude into the pew, which was a large, old fashioned, square structure, capable of holding nine—two, the squire and the intruding visitor, being the only occupants.

"I would not," added the squire, "disturb divine service by putting him out violently. The only thing I could do with propriety was to sit on his hat."—London Tit-Bits.

Singular Compliment.

An author some time ago received a singular compliment. A burglar broke into his house and found the manuscript of a novel, which he took, leaving the following note: "Sir—I began to read your novel, and I was so deeply interested in it that I was obliged to carry it away, but it will be faithfully returned when finished." The manuscript was duly sent back, with a really clever critique on it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Affection.

Talk not of wasted affection! Affection never was wasted. If it enrich the heart of another, its waters, returning for their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshing; that which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.—Longfellow.

TRICKED AN OFFICER.

HOW A YANKEE OUTWITTED A SUPPRESSOR OF SMUGGLING.

A Convenient Snowdrift, a Runaway Horse and a Cool Nerve Did the Trick—Another Proof That the Race Is Not Always to the Swift.

The boundary line between the United States and Canada has been the scene of no end of exciting adventures, because the desire to cheat our Uncle Samuel out of his lawful tariff dues is something that seems to be deeply rooted in the human breast. There are professional smugglers, but the larger per cent, I imagine, are those who, being on the Canadian side of the line and finding goods very cheap, cannot resist the temptation to try to get them across.

Between Maine and the British possessions is an enormously long stretch of boundary line, and patrolling it is entirely out of the question, but still, with all their slips the customs officers do occasionally get hold of a clew and run it to the ground—sometimes with results that are not so pleasant. This was the case with the officer whose story I am about to tell. At just what part of Uncle Sam's farm line it occurred need not be told. The story starts upon the Canadian side at a secluded spot in the woods, where a man, a horse sled with an enormously big box upon it, a good horse and a trunk filled with valuable articles make a break for the American side of the line. In some way an officer has got wind of the attempted smuggling, and with a still better horse he starts at full speed after the mysterious trunk and the driver of the horse sled.

It was not until some distance across the line upon the American side that the driver of the horse sled discovered that he was pursued.

Far back on a distant hill he saw a team coming at full speed, and knew its meaning. He got up steam on his own craft immediately, and the old sled slid into and out of "thank ye marm's" in a way to make one's hair rise, but the driver knew very well that he could not escape being overtaken. He only desired to get over the next hilltop and out of sight for a moment. When over the brow of the hill, he suddenly pulled up, took the trunk up in his arms, climbed on top of the enormous box on the sled, and holding the trunk as high as he could over the side dropped it into a big snowdrift, where it sank completely out of sight. Then the race began again.

Back at the summit of the last hill appeared the customs officer in hot pursuit, and now he yelled to the man ahead to stop, but that individual appeared singularly deaf and in a great hurry as well. He kept his horse at top speed, and looked neither to the right nor left.

A half mile more and the officer had drawn up close behind, when pretense of not hearing his profane calls could no longer be made. The driver of the sled gazed backward over his shoulder, and then, in apparently great surprise, he pulled up—so suddenly that the officer's foaming horse nearly plunged head foremost into the big box.

"What-a-whet d'y'e want?" drawled the man ahead.

The reply of the officer is totally unsuited for publication. "I swar to ye, I hain't got a thing here," said the driver of the horse sled.

"Then I should like to know what in hades you were trying to get away from me for," said the officer.

"Git away from ye?" said the other. "W'y, goah 'mighty! I got ter git home 'n' milk eight cows afore dark, so I hain't got no time ter be a-loadin on the road."

"Well, you just haul up," replied the collector of Uncle Sam's duties, "and I'll have a look. I know well enough just what you've got there."

"Tell ye I hain't got a thing here but this old sled 'n' box," protested the other; but the more he protested the more certain became his pursuer that he had contraband goods concealed in the big box, the only opening to which was a little door at the end, the normal use of the box being for the conveyance of live pigs.

The two teams came to a standstill, and the officer got out and investigated the turnout ahead. He opened the little door in the rear and looked in. With his eyes blinded by the glare of the bright snow, he could see nothing but Stygian blackness. He looked about for a pole or stick with which to probe the inky interior. Stone walls were beside the road and nothing else.

The suppressor of smuggling was a man of action. There was nothing else to do, so he would crawl in the box and explore the interior. He did so, when, quick as a flash, the door flew to, the button turned, and the horse in front of the old sled broke into a run that threatened demolition to the whole outfit. Over the uneven road went the team at the top of its speed, the sled swaying fearfully and jumping into the air at every leap of the horse. The man inside was shaken about like peas in a bladder, the man outside all the while playing the whip and shouting: "Whoa!" "Quit your running away!" "Hi, thari!" "Stop!" and various other remarks tending to acquaint the unfortunate gentleman inside with the fact that the horse, suddenly becoming startled, had run away.

The end came when the driver at last got his horse under control and a sorry looking object crawled out of the little door.

"Goah 'mighty," said the driver of the horse sled, "it was tew bad the hon should take it tew his head to run away jes' w'en you was in thari!"

But the minion of the law was too chagrined for utterance, and he limped slowly back a mile to where his team was standing. That night the trunk was lifted from its bed of snow by the light of the moon and carried safely away.—Lowiston Journal.

A LESSON IN GERMAN.

The Tension's Civilizing Influence as Seen Through English-Speaking.

At the very moment that the press of the fatherland was hurling imprecations against Great Britain in the name of humanity and civilization and holding us up to universal infamy as a nation of "brutal shopkeepers, devoid of culture and noble ideals," at that very moment one of the Kulturtrager sent out to civilize Africa was being tried in Potsdam for bringing the German name into disrepute there. Wehlan—this is the administrator's name—who is only one of many, had been sent out as vice chancellor of Cameroon, had occasionally represented the governor, and during the Bakoko rising had acted as chief of the police force. His administration was systematized cruelty of a kind which a few instances will illustrate. Augustus Bell, "a nigger," was accused of having stolen a watch. He denied the charge, and Vice Chancellor Wehlan condemned him to receive 60 strokes of the police force. His administration was systematized cruelty of a kind which a few instances will illustrate. Augustus Bell, "a nigger," was accused of having stolen a watch. He denied the charge, and Vice Chancellor Wehlan condemned him to receive 60 strokes of the police force. His administration was systematized cruelty of a kind which a few instances will illustrate. Augustus Bell, "a nigger," was accused of having stolen a watch. He denied the charge, and Vice Chancellor Wehlan condemned him to receive 60 strokes of the police force.

A cock who humbly gave a few cigars to a man charged with larceny received 30 lashes of the same instrument of torture.

The government interpreter, Etoeki, stole some money and spirits, and to punish him the German vice chancellor and assessor, Wehlan, kicked him so long and so cruelly that the engineer of the German steamer Naehitgall had to turn away unable any longer to look upon the sight. Then Wehlan ordered 15 lashes to be administered to the wounded man, and finally gave instructions to have a rope tied round his waist so that he could be plunged into the water. One of three prisoners whom he had in custody was helped by a cook to escape. Wehlan ordered the cook to be seized and killed with the two prisoners—beaten to death, "no weapons to be used." They were kicked and thumped until half dead, when their necks were struck and their heads battered in. The corpses were horribly disfigured. During the Bakoko insurrection villages were burned to the ground and the throats of helpless old women cut. Prisoners, when taken, which was not always, were delivered up to the soldiers to be scalped alive. "A cat was made in the lower jaw with a knife, the fellow seized by the teeth, and the whole scalp drawn over the face and head." Two German gospel missionaries testified that these were the most efficacious means of improving the negro.—Fortnightly Review.

SAFETY OF RAILROAD TRAVEL.

Statistics Show That a Man May Travel 151 Years Before Being Killed.

In The Ladies' Home Journal John Gilmer Speed writes entertainingly and instructively on the construction and operation of railroads under the caption "Running a Train at Night." He prefatorily asserts that the most remarkable achievements of modern civilization probably are those which affect traveling, making it at once quick, comfortable and secure. We cross states and continents at the rate of 30 miles an hour with greater security against accident than our grandfathers enjoyed in their stagecoaches, and we have, even when on the cars, comforts unknown in the palaces of kings when our grandfathers' grandfathers were young.

During the year (from interstate commerce commission's report for year ending July 1, 1894) one passenger was killed for every 1,985,158 passengers carried, and one was injured for every 183,822 carried. This surely is as safe as living ordinary humdrum lives in large cities. The report further shows that a man's chances against injury were such that he would have to travel 4,406,659 miles before getting hurt and go 47,588,966 miles before being killed. At the rate of 30 miles an hour a man could travel, if nature permitted, on American railways for 151 years, without leaving the cars, before being killed, or with the same amount of security against accident he could go round the earth 1,908 times before meeting his death by accident and 176 times before getting hurt.

De Maurier and Clara Moschles.

In 1858 my father came on a visit to Antwerp with my mother and my youngest sister, Clara. Wherever my father took up his abode, even temporarily, a grand piano in the natural course of events would gravitate toward him and a select circle of art lovers would soon be grouped around it. Among the friends in the Antwerp circle were Van Lerius, Tadema, Baron Leys, Haymanns and Bourco. My sister at that time was a bright and happy creature, not long out of her teens, full of hopes, alas! never to be realized, and of talents never to be matured. The large dark eyes—they seemed the gift of her grandmother, the famous Mallbram—reflected the artist's soul, and a grand soprano voice spoke its powerful language. De Maurier and she were soon on a brother and sisterly footing, and they ever remained so.—Felix Moschles in Century.

Cheap Reputation Easily Gained.

"My son," said the aged man, "as you are now about to enter the great world this little bit of advice may be of great use to you: Whenever you make a 10 cent purchase, slam a dollar down carelessly on the counter in payment. In this way you may acquire a reputation for being a whole souled fellow to whom money is as naught at a mighty small expense."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with woe, have in her school been taught, as are enough to consecrate distress and make ambition even wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.—Thomson.

A farm laborer in India is fortunate if he receives 10 cents a day for laboring from dawn until dark.

ONE OF THE QUEEREST OF LAKES.

A Puzzle to Geologists in the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky.

Sinking creek, in the northwestern part of this county, is not a running stream or creek, as one would imagine from its name, but it is a large lake, which forms only in the spring of the year, when thaw and rainfall produce an overabundance of water. The formation of a lake covering over 300 acres of land and sometimes over 500 comes with the suddenness of a rise in the Mississippi river.

The lake is formed in a hollow entirely surrounded by gradually inclined hills of blue grass fields and meadows. These hills are at first imperceptible to the eye on account of the gradual and even slope of the surrounding country. A closer examination of the country shows that for miles around it all gradually inclines to the place where the springtime lake forms, but the place itself is merely a slightly rolling tract of land, over which various fences, trees and shrubberies are seen. As the lake depends on the rainfall for its supply of water, it is larger some years than others and has been known to cover 350 acres of land and the water all the way from 5 to 30 feet deep. This body of water is a veritable Mecca for duck hunters at the time of the year when ducks pass through Kentucky on their way to the northern lakes.

There is no outlet above the earth in the way of a creek or hollow. There is no cave or sink hole on any of the land which is covered by water through which the water may escape. Yet within one month this immense amount of water disappears. After the disappearance the earth which is covered, instead of being a wet, marshy place, as is the case of an ordinary springtime rise in water, is a beautiful, fertile, blue grass vale, over which bloomed Kentucky stock roam during the summer months and fatten on the rich pasturage. No appearance of a marsh or water weeds, etc., is found after the lake has gone.

Exactly what causes the "sinking" of the lake has never been determined, although various geologists have visited the scene. It is a well known fact that quicksilver thrown into a pond or lake will cause it to soon sink, and it is claimed that the water forming this lake, as it is drained down from the surrounding hills, brings with it a composition of some kind similar to mercury or quicksilver in its action on sinking a lake, and that this is the key to the mystery of Sinking creek.—*Nicholasville Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A DANGEROUS BIRD.

What Will Happen Some Day to an Incontinent Hunter of Blue Herons.

"Some of these days," said the long-shore hunter, "I expect to open my daily paper and see a headline something like this, 'Killed by a Blue Heron,' and I'll tell you why. The blue heron is a big, powerful bird which has already badly disfigured the faces of several men. The men have wounded a bird, and then thinking to capture it alive they went up to it. Why, I'd as soon try to kiss a wounded grizzly. The birds grow as tall as 6 feet, and have necks like a fish rod and just the kind of muscles to move it the quickest with the most strength. They could drive their bill points through a quarter inch panel.

The hunter goes up to the bird and sees it lying there looking as innocent as a robin, with only a wing broken. 'What a fine pet it would make,' the fool hunter thinks. Then he picks the bird up and starts for home in a wagon or a boat with the bird between his knees. The bird's neck is drawn back like a letter 'B.' All of a sudden the bill shoots up and gives the man a gash alongside the eye three inches long. That is what always has happened. The wounded bird has missed its aim, but sometimes—and you want to remember it—this feathered spearman will drive its bill far into its enemy's eye, and like a steel umbrella stick the point of the bill will penetrate the man's brain. I guess the bird's aim has always been spoiled by the pain of its wounds, and so many a human life has been saved. I don't monkey with wounded bitterns, or cranes—well, scarcely."—*New York Sun.*

A HONEYMOON.

A backwoods court is thus described in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: "A desperado was offended at the court and used unbecoming language, and when fined for contempt claimed that he could not be guilty of contempt, since there was no courthouse. The squire ordered a circle made to represent a courthouse, whereupon the desperado got outside of the line and renewed his insults. When told that he disturbed the court, he said, 'Make your courthouse larger.' Another line was drawn, with similar results, and still others, until the murmurings ceased to disturb the court. Another defendant was guilty of a breach of the peace. The court sent him to jail, writing the following mittimus: 'Jailer of Garrard county, you will please lock John Blavin up in jail and keep him until I call for him. He has been out on bail and cousin and try to fight.'"

What Touched Them?

At the sale of Lady Blessington's household furniture, her library, her pictures, porcelain, plate and some of her jewelry, which were disposed of before she left London for the last time, one little incident ought not to be forgotten. A French servant of Lady Blessington wrote her a letter in which he told her that he had observed many of her friends passing through the rooms, and he added that "Mr. Thackeray had to cover his eyes to hide his tears."—*Speaker.*

Her Fish.

A fish French lady despairingly says, "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."

Making the Mosaic Tapestry.

The opacity of the material used in the mosaic of Rome, Ravenna and Venice is due to minute particles of oxide of tin held in suspension by the glass, and the texture of the glass is dull and granular. The material now being used at St. Paul's owes its opacity to powdered feldspar, an essential ingredient of granite, and itself a natural but very infusible glass. The texture of this material is smooth and vitreous, and it is consequently less retentive of dirt and more easily cleaned than the glass containing the oxide of tin. The various colors are obtained by mixing metallic oxides with the ordinary ingredients of glass, to which the powdered feldspar has been added. The oxide of cobalt produces a purple blue color, and the oxide of copper, according to its state of oxidation and the proportion in which it is used, gives a blue, a green or a red. Black is obtained by the oxide of manganese, green by the oxide of chromium, pink by the oxide of gold and yellow by the oxide of uranium. By combining the oxides a practically unlimited palette may readily be obtained.

The mixtures, in the state of powder, are shoveled into crucibles standing round the grate of a furnace, and when fusion is complete the viscous glass can be rolled upon the heated end of an iron rod and removed for use very much in the way that thick treacle may be gathered round the bowl of a spoon and removed from the jar to the plate. A mass of molten glass thus collected is allowed to fall upon a flat iron table, and is pressed into a slab about six inches square and half an inch thick. The slabs are removed to an oven, where they are allowed to cool slowly, and when cool are broken by a hammer or chopped by a miniature guillotine into small cubes or "tesserae." "Tesserae" is perhaps the more appropriate term, as it does not suggest that geometrical accuracy of form which is implied by cubes.—*Contemporary Review.*

A Drama in the Old Testament.

There is one short story in the second book of Kings which is wholly dramatic in essence, and the narrative form is so subordinate to feeling to the dramatist that it is almost a casual reader, if at all critical, must be impressed by this. Indeed so essentially dramatic is the story that in closely considering it we may say it falls naturally into the necessary acts and scenes lightly and delicately held together by a thread of narrative which almost serves the purpose of the chorus, although there is absolutely no comment—another dramatic feature—and the subject is left to speak directly to the reader's mind.

The story is the well known one of Naaman the Syrian and his recovery from leprosy, and in simplicity, directness, movement and dramatic fire the story cannot be surpassed. It is told, too, with such impartiality that we seem to be looking upon life itself, and such is its rare art that there is absolute freedom from any feeling of the personality of the author. And, though so brief, the narrative holds a great deal—first, the revelation of the political, social and religious conditions of the times, and then within these, which are always the necessary groundwork and frame, there is seen that separate and yet at the same time interdependent play of character which is so essential to the drama. Then, too, the narrative falls inevitably into the usual five acts, and these carry out strictly the Aristotelian analysis of dramatic tragedy—the beginning, increase, climax, declension, consequence or fall—and all takes place in such a way that that purification of the mind by calling forth the feelings of pity and terror, the artistic and ethical aim of tragedy, is fully accomplished.

In this short story, more than anywhere else, the genius of the Hebrew approaches to that of the Greek, and the passage is easy between them.—*Hippincott's.*

An Eccentric Traveler.

Colonel G., a considerable landowner in the midlands, had a mania for travel, or rather a spirit of unrest which prompted him to keep continually on the move. This harmless eccentricity made his whereabouts a perpetual mystery. On one occasion, after months of absence, he suddenly returned to his house and was accidentally met in the hall by his son.

"How are you, my boy? No, no; can't stay to dinner. Only looked in to change my hat. Goodbye. I have kept the fly at the door," and he was off again.

One day when his son's yacht was at Corfu he made an unexpected appearance and was with difficulty persuaded by his daughter-in-law to stay for breakfast. During the meal the steward reported that he could find no nails with which to repair a bookshelf.

"No brass headed nails?" cried the colonel, who had been sitting in his chair and saw in this was an opening for his peculiar talent. "No brass headed nails! I'll give you some," and he tumbled over the side into his boat.

Five months later he reappeared at Constantinople, where the yacht then was.

"Here you are, my boy!" he cried triumphantly, producing a small packet. "Here are nails—real good ones. Bought them myself at Birmingham, but had to go round by Honolulu and San Francisco. What! Too large? I'll give you some smaller ones. Goodbye." And it was only by gentle force that he could be restrained from starting off forthwith.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Washington's Tallest Policeman.

Policeman John T. Kennedy is the tallest man in the department. He measures 6 feet 6 inches and weighs 260 pounds. He has a peachbloss complexion, and talks in a deep down Marine band voice. He is not only remarkable for his dimensions, but for his police record as well. He was born in Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 25, 1871. He was appointed on the police force July 1, 1892.—*Washington Times.*

THE BIGGEST OF BUGS.

The Elephant Beetle is the Elephant Insect of Little Venezuela.

Venezuela is a little republic, but she has one thing that is the biggest of its kind on earth. It is a bug—the largest insect in all the world. The creature is known as the "elephant beetle," and when full grown it weighs nearly half a pound. To be struck in the face by such a bug, flying at full speed, would make a man feel as if a mule had kicked him.

This beetle, like others of its kind, both small and large, is clad in a complete suit of armor. This armor is made of a material far more indestructible than steel—namely, chitine. Chitine cannot be destroyed except by certain mineral acids—in other words, only the artifices of chemistry avail against it. Thus the shells of beetles that died 10,000,000 years ago have been preserved perfectly in the rocks, so that we know today just what these insects of antiquity looked like.

In Europe giant beetles have a considerable market value, commanding prices in proportion to their size. In London there are regular sections of insects, and a single butterfly has been known to fetch as much as \$500. A specimen of the rare and very large Goliath beetle is worth \$50. This is the largest beetle of the old world, and it first became known through missionaries in the Kango basin.

Though no other insect in existence compares in bulk with the beetle from Venezuela, there are other bugs that exceed it in dimensions. For example, there is the Atlas silk moth, which has a wing spread of nearly a foot. It spins a cocoon, the silk of which is better and stronger than that of the ordinary silkworm. But unfortunately it cannot be reeled. The department of agriculture tried for years to discover a way of reeling it, but without success. Moths of this species often alight on ships in the Indian ocean.

There is a butterfly of the Malay peninsula and Malayan archipelago which has a spread of ten inches. In India and tropical Africa are found giant forms of "walking sticks," which look like twigs of trees. Some of them measure 18 inches in length. They are related to grasshoppers and katydids. In tropical America are found certain huge species of bugs that are closely related to the familiar electric light bugs of this country. Like the latter, which have been popularly known only since the introduction of the electric light, they fly at night, living during the day at the bottom of ponds.—*St. Louis Star.*

THE ELOPERS WERE STOPPED.

And Had to Reckon With the Judge's Father Before They Got Married.

Riding along a West Virginia road I was interested in seeing a young man and young woman on horseback coming down the road at a gallop. Not far behind them was an old man giving chase. By cutting across through the woods at one place he succeeded in heading them off and caught hold of the brides just as I drove up, said C. E. Wardleigh to a Star reporter.

"Where do you go?" he demanded. "You can stop now, but we'll get married," answered the young man defiantly.

"I ain't tryin' to stop yo' all. Ef yo' is bound ter marry, yer kin, but I want ed a talk. Yo' all gwine ter town. How long yo' s'pose yo'll stay?"

"Two or three days," answered the groom.

"As \$3 a day," said the father, "besides how food an' horse hire, for I'll make yo' pay for them horses, shore. Then \$5 fer a preacher. I wanted Lindy ter marry Bess, for I own 'em, an' she wouldn't say nothin' 'bout it if she'd 'ave 'em. Fanny Lony own 'em, an' he'll marry yer 'er. Now, yo' kin be no board 'ill as 'er-father. It would cost \$50 fer make the trip, an' give me \$10 so I kin pay him, an' hev sothin' fer w'ar an' 'er of the house, an' we kin go home an' hev a bigger time than at town."

The proposition was accepted, the money paid, and the three turned their horses' heads homeward.—*Washington Star.*

Myotes For Boys.

I do not for an instant hold that the bicycle is going to reduce the world to a state of anarchy, but I do know from personal experience that the boy who rides a bicycle and comes to school with a healthy glow on his face, that emits a good circulation and a hearty appetite, produced by exercise in God's fresh air and God's bright sunshine, is a much more trustworthy lad than is the same boy when he is allowed to mope around the house or the corner grocery, listening to the vile stories of his men or connecting some devilry of his own. And not only is he more trustworthy, but he is more teachable; he learns more, he is a better boy and will make a better man.—*Worcester.*

A Stamp Collected Conscience.

United States Treasurer Morgan has received the following letter from Westville, Conn., inclosing 30 cents in postage stamps:

"I was a soldier at the time of the rebellion. I was on guard over the commissary stores and thoughtlessly took cups of sugar from an open barrel to eat. I did not take much in quantity, but violated the principle of strict honesty. It is impressed upon me after all these years that I ought to make restitution. I send postage stamps to cover. I think the value of all that I took, with interest."

Clear Air.

The air is clear at Arequipa, Peru. From the observatory at that place, 8,000 feet above the sea, a black spot, one inch in diameter, placed on a white disk, had been seen on Mount Charcut, a distance of 11 miles, through a 10-inch telescope.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1233 Galy av., E. St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1233 Forty-seventh-st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first-st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Babcock-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvey.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3:30 p. m. in Mathew's hall, Canal-st. and Union-av.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 339 S. Ashland-av.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex. Cusack, 64 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, B. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 332 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Abern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 733 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washburn-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washburn-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Conner.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth-av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at 8 W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer-av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer-av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer-av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Melhusen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, James Meeney.
Treasurer, John J. McGlynn.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2835 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Ledy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhofen's hall, Forty-third-av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dryer street.
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth-st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 City-bourn-av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson-av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Flanagan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh-st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, F. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Malligan, 723 W. Twenty-second-st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1068 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John J. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first-st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth-st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 36 E. Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 110 West Polk st.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, W. F. Moran, 1505 West Polk st.

Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corky.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10908 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 32.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Doherty, 6359 Homore-st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Deneen.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Broadstreet's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, William J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, James Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH NO. 35.

President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Longman.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

THE VORACIOUS CARP.

Glover Bates by Which It Is Estimated—*Black Duck.*

The German carp is a vicious fish after a fashion, and the kind of trains it has is described by W. F. Mosher in *The Fishing Gazette*. Says Mr. Mosher: "One day in early June in 1895 or 18

DR. A. F. CONROY,
DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,
ROOM 20.



Set of Teeth.....\$4.00
Best Set.....8.00
22k. Gold Crowns.....4.75
Silver Filling......30
Gold Filling.....1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth.....5.00
Gold Plates.....30.00



Harelip or Cleft. Palate Cancers. Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

Steamship Tickets
and Drafts.
4 Per Cent Interest on Savings Deposits.
Money to Loan on Real Estate.

GRAHAM & SONS,
BANKERS,
134 West Madison Street.
Safety Deposit Boxes \$3.00 per year.
OPEN EVENINGS.

Business Directory.
Furniture.
SMITH, JOHN M.
Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs.
220 to 125 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.
Coal and Wood.
O'DONNELL BROS.
Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Quality. Eureka Wood, sawed stove, engine, etc. per cord delivered Office and Yard.
225 West Taylor street, between Halsted and Blue Island avenues.

DELANEY & MURPHY,
WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALERS.
Importers of
FINE WINES AND BRANDIES.

Western Agents for Power & Sons Dublin Whisky and O.V.H. Scotch Whisky.
Exclusive Owners of
Ben Franklin Pure Rye.
10 & 12 Wabash Av,
CHICAGO.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ
Brewing Company,
MILWAUKEE.
Represented by
Edward G. Uihlein,
Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.

3.50 TO INTRODUCE OUR
BRIAR HILL LUMP COAL,
A Perfect Domestic Fuel,
We will deliver a sample order at your residence for \$3.50 per ton. Anthracite Coal at lowest price.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.,
Room 66, 159 LaSalle St. PHONE MAIN 3362.

McAVOY
BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSERFEN, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.
Telephone South 257.

READ

"THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

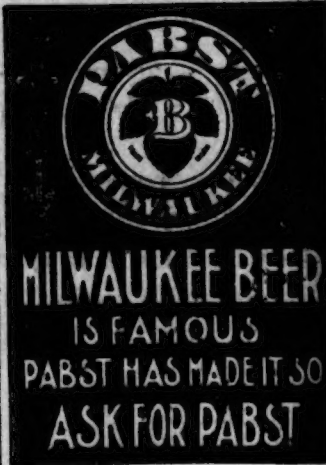
A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Political, Native and Foreign.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium
in the Northwest.

John Naghten & Co,
INSURANCE.
A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies, School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.
181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

CONRAD SEIPP
Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.
BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the
CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER
PILSENER BEER.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.



CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE
CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS
RICHARD DEUTSCH, Manager.
Sold Everywhere. Try It.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF IRELAND



ITS HISTORY, SCENERY, PEOPLE
ITS Ancient Myths and Folk Lore
ITS ANCIENT ABBEYS, TOWERS, CASTLES
and other Romantic and attractive Features
BY MR. AND MRS. J. C. HALL

PREMIUM OFFERED
To Anyone Who Sends in Two New Subscribers Besides Their Own Subscriptions. All Paid In Advance.

WALTER J. GIBBONS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
27 North Clark Street, Room 14.
Residence 225 Osgood Street.
TELEPHONE NORTH 53.

JAMES BURNS
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
183-189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,
Adams Express Building, Chicago.

When Going to Europe
OR SENDING FOR
YOUR FRIENDS

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE
BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS

White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.



MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons, 325 Feet.
BRITANNIC, 10,000 Tons, 325 Feet.
TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons, 325 Feet.
GERMANIC, 10,000 Tons, 325 Feet.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
Calling at QUEENSTOWN to Land and
Embark Passengers and Mails.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, German and Scandinavian ports.
Drafts and Money Orders for sale at lowest rates. Apply to the nearest agent, or to the Company's offices.

H. HAYLAND KERSEY, General Agent,
25 BROADWAY, N. Y.
S. TERRY FRENCH, General Western Agent,
244 S. Clark Street,
CHICAGO.

KEELEY

Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

27 1/2 Clark St. & Cottage Grove Av

CHICAGO, ILL.

P. H. Heffron.

WILLIAMS WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS
24 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

GORE'S
FIREPROOF HOTEL.

This splendid hotel, newly furnished, and equipped throughout in first-class style, is conducted on the European plan, and is worthy the attention of all visitors to the city, being centrally located on South Clark-st., near VanBuren, which is the heart of the business district. The rooms are commodious, well appointed, and can be obtained at a reasonable charge. The Restaurant is first-class in every respect, and is one of the most extensively patronized in the city.

P. H. HEFFRON,
MANAGER

FRANK SAYER OSBORNE,
PROPRIETOR.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 10. CHICAGO.

AMERICAN LINE
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.
THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.



New York - Southampton - London
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
The shortest and most convenient route to London. No transfer by tender - No tidal delays. Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.
Philadelphia - Queenstown - Liverpool
EVERY SATURDAY
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale at the lowest rates.
INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
143 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.
FRANCIS G. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Agt.

NO CURE. NO PAY.
DR. KEAN,
THE EMERGENCY SPECIAL PHYSICIAN
ESTABLISHED 1861

157 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SAFETY, COMFORT AND SPEED

TAKE THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD MAIL LINE
which has made the Fastest Time on Record
5 DAYS 25 MINUTES

The New Twin-Screw Steamships,

LUCANIA AND CAMPANIA

620 ft. Long, 12,500 Tons, 30,000 ft.-P.

The Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

620 ft. Long, 8,000 Tons, 14,000 Horse-power, and other Fine Steamships, comprising an incomparable fleet.

Saturday Sailings from New York, Boston and Liverpool calling at Queenstown.
Unusually Second-Class and Cabin accommodations at low rates.
SEND FOR YOUR FRIENDS
by this line which has been running over 50 years, and never lost a passenger's life.
F. C. WHITING, Mgr., Clark and Randolph, Chicago.
GRAHAM & Sons, 225 W. Madison St., Chicago.